The

Non-Subscribing Presbyterian

No. 89 NOVEMBER, 1914. PRICE ONE PENNY. 1s. 6d. per annum post free

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Notes of the Month.

Since the last number of this Magazine appeared, we have received ample confirmation of our view that recruiting for Lord Kitchener's army was seriously affecting some of our congregations in the matter of their young men. The names of others who have responded to their country's call have reached us, proving that already our community has contributed its full quota to those preparing for the front. Doubtless each congregation is keeping a list of its own recruits, and is determined to keep in touch with such members. That is certainly desirable both from the standpoint of the congregations themselves and also from that of the young men concerned. But we could here make a further suggestion: cannot we draw up a complete Roll of Honour giving the names of all connected with our Irish Non-Subscribing Church? We think it would be of supreme interest to those whose duty keeps them at home to know the names of those who are being prepared for duty abroad. Speaking for ourselves, we are fully prepared to publish lists sent to us by representative members of our congregations.

* *

In this connection it is not without interest to know that in our English Unitarian Churches the same praiseworthy response is being m de by their members. Details have been sent us concerning two Unitarian centres in the North of England. We give them as indicative of the sense of duty which our faith has promoted elsewhere. Three Sheffield congregations have so far provided forty-two recruits for the Army, and it is still believed that there are more to come. In Lancashire, where the effect of the war is even more keenly felt, the numbers are equally good. One of its congregations (Bank Street, Bolton) has alone been responsible for twenty-eight additions to the national forces, while other congregations are not falling far behind in their practical expression of patriotism. We have always claimed that, in proportion to our numbers, we have contributed as readily and effectively to the public service of the country as any other religious body. We venture to think that the serious crisis through

which we are now passing, and the response it has so far evoked amongst our members, substantiate that claim. But we must refrain from the conclusion that we have done enough. Before our Empire emerges victorious from the present struggle greater sacrifices yet will be demanded. Now is our opportunity to demonstrate the practical bearing of our faith and our own readiness to rise to the height of its great demands!

* *

With the passing away last month of Miss Emily Sharpe, the Unitarian body lost a generous supporter and one of its most notable personalities. Her long life of more than eighty-six years was characterised by fidelity to the faith of her fathers, by a clear-sighted and sympathetic interest in its welfare, and by the most generous support of its different institutions. Our colleges and congregations alike had in her an unfailing friend, whose benefactions were not only timely, but constant and long-continued. Her interest in education was further shown by her long connection with and ever warm interest in Channing House School at Highgate. The latter, no less than her philanthropic zeal for Unitarian Churches everywhere, was responsible for Miss Sharpe being well known to many persons in the North of Ireland, and her death will therefore call forth here, as elsewhere, the most heartfelt regret.

* *

An event of perhaps more than local interest is the completion of a new school in Belfast, which, it is hoped, will continue the good work done under unsatisfactory conditions elsewhere in the same City. Years ago, before the Central Hall in Rosemary Street was erected, the First Church School was in Fountain Street, and there for many years much good work was done. Later, however, a removal, which was at first thought to be only temporary, was made to Hopeton Street—a fitting centre for the work of a day school. Unfortunately the scholastic conditions were by no means in accordance with modern requirements, and it became imperative to find more fitting quarters. Through the generosity of the Misses Riddel, it was found possible to purchase a piece of ground in Malvern Street, and erect thereon a building satisfying the most exacting of modern requirements. Seeing that complaints have been frequently made in quite recent times as to the inadequacy of the accommodation for elementary teaching in Belfast, the Malvern Street school is invested with civic interest. We sincerely hope that the career which commences this month will be one of the greatest possible success and utility.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF OUR CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. E. H. PICKERING, B.A.

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah vi. 8.

THE purpose of Dr. Campbell's book is well indicated in the preface, where he says, "I believe that to lay special emphasis on those aspects of Christianity which conduce to the development of strong moral character, gives the best prospects of helping my own children and those of others to live clean and honourable lives." Like Micah of old, he feels that the essence of religion is not to be found in ceremonial observances and statements of belief, but in what is briefly called the good life. This profound truth theologians and ecclesiastics have all along tended to ignore, partly, no doubt, as Dr. Campbell suggests, because, in the desire to win adherents, they find it easier to persuade men to adopt a certain kind of belief and ceremonial than to effect a moral change in their lives. By some strange perversity mankind responds more readily to "believe on Christ" than to "behave like Christ." By playing on this perversity, the Christian Church has so completely failed in its mission that—as this terrible war proves—it has scarcely yet overthrown even the outposts of barbarism and immorality. In

the words of our author— " The general level of morals in business and social life is far too low. Why? Is it because the Churches lay so much stress on doctrine and dogma that they divert men's attention from the importance of the life lived? " This question Dr. Campbell would answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. He looks for the world's salvation to a religion which aims, above all things, at making men good; and he knows that no such religion can possibly spring up in those Churches which by their insistence on dogmatic uniformity insist on a man shirking his individual responsibility and stifling the activity of the Holy Spirit, which " bloweth where it listeth." Hence he looks to those Churches which, whatever their weaknesses, are strong enough, on the one hand, to let a man think for himself without subscription to any particular dogma, and on the other, to insist on the imperative need of high moral endeavour for salvation. In Ireland these Churches are to be found in the few dozen Churches composing " the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland "; and it is in order to stimulate interest in their principles and so evoke a deeper sense of moral responsibility that Dr. Campbell has written this little book.

Perhaps the first part of the book, which is very general in scope, is too long in proportion to the second part, but the point it establishes is one of first rate importance. It is clearly shown that non-subscription is no new principle, but is the essence of all genuine religion. Even though the main army of Christianity has gone off the beaten track and wasted its resources in a useless warfare with shadows, there have always been men who have felt that to be a Christian meant to follow Christ in a warfare against actual evil and sin. From these men, whatever their professed creed, the positive principle of non-subscription has at last filtered through; and the channel through which it has come to us is, strange though it may seem, that of Scotch Presbyterianism. If any feel inclined to wonder that so good a thing as non-subscription could have come out of the Nazareth of Scotch Presbyterianism, this book serves a useful purpose in reminding him of the intimate connection between the religious history of the North of Ireland and the West of Scotland, and also of the even more important fact that non-subscription was an integral part of the principles of the founders of the system of Scotch Presbyterianism. Stifled, however, by that system the spirit that inspired them found its resting place in our little Non-Subscribing Churches.

Therefore this book is bound to devote many pages to the history of Scotch and Irish Presbyterianism, not because of the Presbyterianism, but because of the principle of non-subscription which ultimately fought its way out of Presbyterianism. At times, however, the author himself seems to miss this point, and to think that *all* that goes by the name of Presbyterianism, plus the principle of non-subscription, is essential to that pure and moral religion he so fervently desires. It is important to remember that much that goes by the name of Presbyterianism is purely adventitious. Its essential principle is, as Dr. Campbell himself suggests, that the Holy Spirit dwells in every man and should be allowed free expression, a principle which has no meaning without non-subscription. Presbyterianism, by insisting on subscription to dogma, is on the same level as every other dogmatic Church. The fact that it may differ from them in its forms of government and service is a mere trifle, for these are empty of meaning without the informing presence of the free spirit. How alike Presbyterianism is to all other orthodox Churches is well shown in this book when we read of its persecution of those who did not see eye to eye with it. So foreign did the spirit of freedom seem to its domineering bigotry that it could not be itself until it had cast forth those who desired to be free. It took a long while, however, for the innate intolerance of Presbyterianism to assert itself. It had men of pure and noble character in its fold, who kept it true to the principles it professed to uphold. At last, however, in 1726 the first

secession took place, when the seventeen ministers and churches comprising the Presbytery of Antrim were excluded by the vote of the Ulster Synod because their orthodoxy was suspect. But for another ninety years or so the matter of subscription was left unsettled, and it looked as if the spirit of freedom might still prevail.

Then came Dr. Cooke, who, as our author justly insists, for the sake of place and power, determined that the orthodoxy of the Irish Presbyterians should be unimpeachable. Dr. Campbell, however, tells us all too little about his historic controversy with the great champion of "new light" thought, Dr. Montgomery. But he brings out one very important point when he tells us how Dr. Cooke, by very clever tactics, made it appear that the issue was not so much subscription or non-subscription to the Westminster Confession as Trinitarianism or Unitarianism. Thus it came about that most of those who voted against him did not vote for freedom of belief, but for their own particular form of belief. For this reason non-subscription has come largely to be identified with Arianism and Unitarianism, so that, in actual fact, it would not be untrue to say that it was not Non-Subscribers, but Arians and Unitarians who were the origin of our Church. Dr. Campbell himself admits this fact reluctantly enough, for unfortunately it has caused us to forget the larger meaning of non-subscription. Non-subscription should have nothing whatever to do with any particular form of belief, but should content itself with the principle that "where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." *In other words, the Non-Subscribing Church, in so far as it is true to itself—that is the ideal Non-Subscribing Church—is the only genuine Christian Church,* for it alone can give scope to the free spirit of Christ to inspire its members and lead them to a mode of life that is like unto the kingdom of heaven. If there is any inclination on the part of our members to think that the distinction between Non-Subscription and Unitarianism is not worth making, let them beware, for they are drifting on to the rock of sectarian bigotry. That this is so is proved by the past history of our Non-Subscribing Churches, for on various occasions the confusion between free belief and belief in a particular kind of doctrine has led to quarrels and dissensions, the effects of which have not yet entirely disappeared.

Dr. Campbell establishes his main point that that Church which lays least stress on dogma is likely to do most practical good by pointing to the excellent public work of various kinds done by the Non-Subscribers and Remonstrants who together form the Non-Subscribing Church. But the fact remains that, as a Church, we have made so little ground that we almost deserve the epithet which someone has wittingly applied to us of being "the light that failed." With regard to this, Dr. Campbell has several very interesting things to say. For one thing, he says—"*The teaching of unsectarianism has been carried too far among Irish Unitarianism* [here, by the by, is a slip which shows how difficult it is even for our author to avoid confusing a particular "ism" with the principle of Non-Subscription] *to the verge of denominational suicide. To hold that a man may be a good Christian under any creed is true and right, but to teach that it does not matter to what Church a man belongs is a false and insidious doctrine.*" This is thoroughly to the point, and is written in the spirit of a firm believer in freedom. To hold that a man may be a good Christian under any creed is indeed true and right, and it is for our Church to admit men of all sorts of creeds to its membership. But when a man belongs to a Church which by its very principles insists that he can only be sure of salvation by holding to one particular creed, he can only be a Christian in spite of his Church, for Christianity is open to all, whereas that Church limits it to its own particular few. Hence, as good Non-Subscribers, we say—"Believe according to the light vouchsafed you, but do not join a Church which insists that salvation pertains to a particular form of belief." In strict truth, our Non-Subscribing Church, in so far as it is true to itself,

is the genuinely Christian Church, and therefore we ought never to yield one inch in our loyalty to it. We quarrel with no man's beliefs, if they are sincere, but we do quarrel with the whole system of dogmatic Churchmanship.

I would recommend this book to you all as an excellent exposition of the spirit which led to the formation of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland. On the whole, it can do nothing but good. One possible result, however, I would have you guard against. Throughout the book it is clear that its author believes that in some way or other various Presbyterian forms, especially the form of service, are intimately connected with the principle of Non-Subscription. On the contrary, as I have urged, Presbyterianism without Non-Subscription ceases to be Presbyterian. As *genuine* Presbyterians, that is as those who believe that the Holy Spirit dwells in every man, and should be allowed full and free expression, we can have any form of service we think most potent to lead imperfect man to do justly, and to love mercy and to *walk humbly with his God*. Opinions will differ as to which form of service is most potent, but we, who seek our communion with God by means of a beautiful and orderly liturgy, are quite convinced that such a form of service is in no wise foreign to the spirit of Non-Subscribing Presbyterianism.

With this, we conclude our present brief review of a book which should do much to strengthen us in earnest and active loyalty to a body of Churches from whose principles must eventually proceed that spirit which will unite all men in faith and hope and love.

WAR AND THE FAR-OFF IDEAL.

By Rev. Eustace Thompson.

Of the gigantic war now raging, in which seven states in Europe and one in Asia are already involved, whilst troops have gathered to the front even from Africa, India, and America, the ghastly accounts we receive make us think of the ideal epoch described in the books of Isaiah and Micah, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall not learn war any more." People's thoughts about it vary as their minds are differently affected by what is taking place. Some are led to think that ideal epoch is being proved to be well nigh hopelessly far off; whilst others, full of hope, because they are full of faith and determination as well, believe that it is about to be brought, suddenly, a great deal nearer. Some had hoped that the most civilised nations would continue to live so long without engaging in war among themselves as to learn to deem it an impracticable measure for effecting any desirable purpose or result: they were smitten with despair at the spectacle of the terrible outbreak which they had so little expected, the dread of which, when expressed by others, they had not taken very seriously. Others, believing that the victorious, hardly less than the vanquished, will be appalled, when all is over, if not before, by the immensity of loss and suffering and evil after-effects brought upon them by the hideous warfare, will resolve to have recourse to it no more: these are determined in so far as it lies with them, to conduct the war on their side to such good purpose, that whether their own people be counted among the victors or the vanquished in the issue, that desired result shall follow. Certainly that is the greatest hope for the nearer approach of universal and unending peace. If one of the belligerent nations were suffered to gain as much worldly power as it desired, at the price in life, money, and unique treasure it had been prepared to pay, it would certainly increase in bellicosity. If it were prevented from gaining as much power as it has desired, especially if prevented from doing so by being made to pay a very much higher price, it would be much more disposed to preserve peace for a long time afterwards.

In the course of history some wars have been waged for the sake of vengeance, some for the sake of religion, and others for other ends: many for the sheer love of the thing itself—like

the love of sport dependent upon love of victory in a contest. But nowadays, at all events among nations in Europe, with the exception of Turkey, which has only a foot in it, no war is likely to be fought for any other reason than for greed or for defence against it. There are people—members of the Society of Friends, for instance—so averse to war that they deem it inadmissible according to strict Christian principle, even for the sake of defence. But it is hard to see how they can pretend such an extreme aversion to violence or force at all reasonable, except upon the hypothesis, which they certainly do not entertain, that might is right, and that the mightiest are the right ones to be suffered to survive and flourish on the ruin or by the extermination of the weak; besides, that very hypothesis could be no more than a consolation for the ruin or extermination of the weak—otherwise regrettable at least by the weak themselves; it could not work in favour of non-resistance, for it could only be by contest between aggressor and defender that the superior might of one or the other would be revealed.

The mere fact that robbery and war are disagreeable to everyone robbed or attacked with violence may point in that direction, but it does not afford a conclusive proof that robbery and aggressive warfare are fundamentally evil. The proof that they are so is not exactly there, but it is very near. It consists in the twofold fact that we are sensible of doing right or being right only when we are getting good and communicating the good we get to others from all the material within our reach, and this can only be done under the conditions of peace and security. Perhaps it is not impossible for some persons to feel on the contrary that to wage war, to destroy and to kill, solely that the strong may survive alone, is alone right. If so, it remains for the bulk of reasonable mankind to conclude that such exceptionally constituted persons have become insane, or have reverted to the old savage, or developed into a new kind of fiend.

Even if every nation became entirely innocent of a desire to acquire by violence increased dominion, or power, or wealth, having become entirely free from greed of any kind, there might still be an outbreak of war from time to time, and as many nations as now might become embroiled. That would be because of mutual distrust of sincerity and innocence. If war came about under such conditions one nation might be blamed for the outbreak under the false suspicion of greedy ambition. But when all the nations have ceased to be covetous—and there is no impossibility in their doing so, in course of time, and have learned to believe in one another as well—they will gradually neglect the art and science of war, and permit their armaments to fall into decay.

CHARACTER.

By Rev. G. V. Crook.

Do not most young men who read John Foster's essay on "Decision of Character," or Carlyle's panegyrics on "Self-reliance," get into the way of imagining that the *sine qua non* of manliness is to stand alone—you are not to ask help from others, but in all things to act by yourself and for yourself, without letting any one else advise or aid you. There is nothing in fact in which a wise man and his contrary are more distinguishable than in this matter. Is it not a general feeling that the really stalwart man will not seek any man's aid, or rest his mind upon the feebler minds around him, but will look to himself alone as his guide and master? It is the fact that men of first-rate force do not tack themselves behind a tug when they want to make way, but ply their own paddles. Napoleon, Wellington, Cromwell, and Nelson were not men who asked advice, and when they did ask it they did not take it; but it is also well to remember that had Julius Cæsar, Nelson, and Napoleon taken the advice proffered them they might have escaped the death or ruin that fell upon them. In medicine we consult a doctor, in religion a clergyman, in building an architect. Why not apply the same sound principle to the other affairs of

life, and not be too proud to follow the advice of those who know more than we do. Has not Shakespeare hit the nail on the very middle of its head? His maxim is precisely that which a truly wise man would follow—"Take all men's opinion, but reserve thy judgment." This is the really noble course, combining the beauty of self-respect with the beauty of humility. True wisdom requires you to listen—even to elicit—the opinions of others, and weigh them fairly, using them as materials for a judgment which you will construct for yourself. And no man, in fact, takes up so lofty a position towards others, or shows his trust in himself so clearly, as he who dares to listen closely to the counsel they offer, but yet brings all they have urged and all that his own mind has suggested to the bar of his own judgment, weighing the one against the other, and coming slowly, but strongly, to his own decision.

HARK!

By A. M'I. Cleland.

Over the restless, heaving sea,
A call goes forth, silvery clear:
"Children of mine, and offspring dear,
"I need your help, draw nigh to me."
On the wings of the southern wind is borne
An answering cry:
"Mother of ours, be not forlorn,
"We fly! We fly!"

Quivers athwart the ambient air,
A tremulous motion of sound:
"Children, dangers, deep and profound,
"Darkly threaten our Homeland fair."
The westerly breezes carry along
An answer free:
"Mother of ours, so brave, so strong,
"That shall not be!"

Snowy mountain and dusty plain,
Vibrate to an echoing voice:
"Brown skinned children, what is your choice?
"Bonded or free? Can you refrain?"
The Easterly ranges fling answer back:
"Though far we roam,
"We give ourselves, give without lack.
"We come! We come!"

United they haste to the fray,
A grim, determined, mighty host;
No vauntings theirs, no empty boast,
No roystering slaughterers they.
A shouting goes up from the marching throng:
"We can but try!
"We fight for Truth; to Right the Wrong!
"Or else to die!"

Obituary.

Dr. Samuel Mills, B.A.

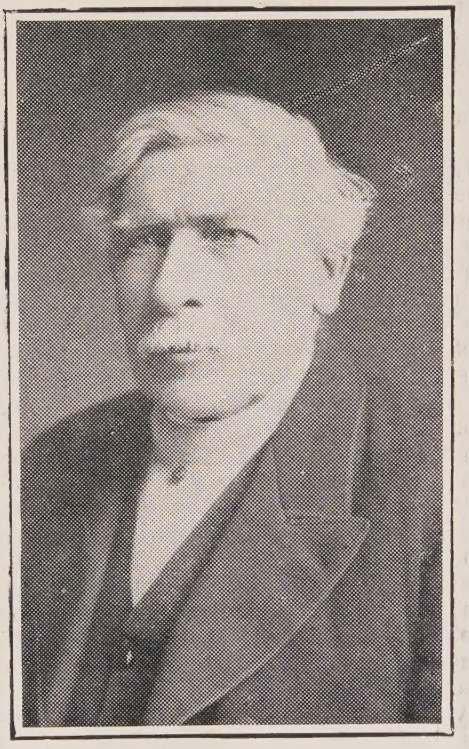
We regret to announce the death of Dr. Mills, which took place at Donaghmore on 9th October. The deceased gentleman was born at Ardarragh, Co. Down, and was brought up to the farming industry. Of a studious nature, he resolved to improve himself, and employed his leisure time in learning Latin, afterwards studying both Latin and Greek under the guidance of Rev. W. M'Alister, of Ryans Presbyterian Church. In due course he entered the Royal Academical Institution, and joined a class, in which Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast, and Rev. Dr. Wright, an eminent oriental scholar, were pupils. From the Institution he went to Queen's College, Galway, and had a brilliant course, taking honours and prizes for various subjects.

Deciding to enter the medical profession, he removed to Leeds, from which city he eventually returned to Rathfriland, Co. Down, where he built up a large practice. On his appointment as Medical Officer of Donaghmore Dispensary District, he removed to the district, and here he established a large practice also.

A skilful doctor, he added to his skill a kindly disposition which endeared him to all his patients, both rich and poor. After nearly 31 years' service he was obliged in 1911 to relinquish his

post as Medical Officer for the district on account of failing health.

Dr. Mills married Margaret, daughter of Mr. John M'Enearney, of Curley, who survives him. He leaves two sons, both of whom have distinguished themselves in their professions. The eldest, Dr. John A. Mills, B.A., M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., is Assistant Medical Officer and late Pathologist at Durham County Asylum, Ferryhill, Winterton. The second, Dr. W. Sloan Mills, M.A., D.SC., B.E., is one of the Masters of the Woolwich Polytechnic Institute.



Originally a Presbyterian in connection with the General Assembly, Dr. Mills joined the Unitarian Church, and became a member of Committee of the First Presbyterian Church, Newry. In the year 1902 he was elected a Trustee of the Quinn Charity, Newry, to which he gave much time and interest.

The esteem in which he was held by all creeds and classes was evinced by the large attendance at his funeral on the 12th October. The procession was over one mile in length, despite the incessant rain and the length of the journey to Ryans Presbyterian Church Burial Ground.

The services both in the house and at the graveside were conducted by the Rev. G. J. Slipper, and at the deceased gentleman's request, were of the simplest character.

THE SUN WORSHIPPER.

By A. L. Aiman.

No, no. Ye've got it all wrong. I'll tell you how it was, for I know.

You see, Barney Clancy's youngest wean was named Thomas, which was a queer thing when you come to think of it rightly.

Because the Clancy boys was always Patrick, or Dennis, or Terrance, while the girls took turns at bein' Mary an' Sadie, or Maggie an' Kathleen. An' the strange part of it is that no Clancy never had no more than two girls. But as for the boys, they seemed to stretch out to the crack o' doom.

But just afore Barney's youngest wean was born his mother said he should be Thomas. For that was the name o' Barney's wife's sister's husband in New York. A known man an' well to do, gettin' meat to his meals every day, an' livin' in a four-roomed brick house. So Thomas the wean was called, wi' Tommy for short.

Now August last year, you remember, was terrible hot. An' the little cottage under the hill, on the edge of the bog, was perhaps just a mite overcrowded an' warm. Leastways it might be so at night, wi' the door closed, an' all the fam'ly in their beds.

For ye see there was Barney an' Barney's wife's ould man, an' Patrick, an' Dennis, an' Terrance (together wi' the pig) in the kitchen, an' in the little room beyond laid Barney's wife, wi' Sadie an' Kathleen on either side her, while Tommy had his place at the end o' the bed, with the ould cat at his feet, an' her kitten cuddled up in Tommy's left arm. Then half a dozen fowls would be scattered promisc'us like all

about the room, with a setten' hen in the empty cradle, for Tommy was long past his teethin'.

So you see last August, when the wean was just turned two an' a half, the house was mebbe a wee bit hot o' nights. For the man who built it forgot to make the windows right. They wouldn't open, unless you put a stone through them. An' that costs money.

Annyway, Tommy was just too warm for annythin', early one mornin', about daybreak. So what does he do but creepity creep from the bed to the floor, still with the kitten cuddled under his arm, an' sets there a space, findin' the earth nice an' cool to his bare skin, for he wasn't clothed in a stitch of annythin', on'y wi' his own darlin' innocence.

Mebbe he rubbed his eyes a bit, though I expect he was as wide awake as the kitten. Annyway, by an' by he made for the kitchen where Barney an' Barney's wife's ould man was ding-dongin' it in a double snorin' match (with the pig takin' a turn nows an' thens), enough to lift the thatch off of the roof, but for the ropes an' stones holdin' it down.

How he managed to open the door dear only knows. Annyhow, it was always the easy door to open, havin' no lock an' a latch as was most times goin' to be mended. Next moment he was out in the world, with no one but the angels of heaven lookin' down on him, an' the kitten still under his arm. Mebbe you would think a wean o' two an' a half year would a-been frighted. But this I will own for the Clancys, boys an' men : fools they may be (an' on that point I'll say no more, seein' as how my mother's cousin's nephew is one of 'em), but cowards they never are. An' as to the Clancy girls, just look at the husbands they catch. No, the Clancy girls are no fools, annyhow.

Not that Tommy had need to go far. He just trotted across the road, in his bare little white feet, till he come to the grass covered edge of it. An' there down he set, his wee toes almost hidden in the wet grass. Not a breath o' wind was stirrin', an' not a sound could be heard, save a blackbird just beginnin' to tune up in the thorn bush back o' the house, an' a sheep baa-baain' a long ways off, at the other end o' the world, seemin'ly.

O' course he might a-wandered on to the bog an' into one o' the black bog-holes, though its my belief that the angels would never have let him do that, or come to no hurt, seein' the hair an' eyes he had, an' that he was wee Tommy Clancy.

But he hadn't no need to go further than the edge o' the road.

For when he got there he see somethin', the like o' which he'd never seen afore, to notice, in all his born days. For over the edge o' the bog come a round thing as big as a milk pail an' the colour o' a glowin' peat, sendin' up in the sky all kinds o' other colours, pinks, an' reds, an' crimsons, an' greens, an' blues, an' greys.

Now Tommy had a rare sort o' hair. I wouldn't go so far as to say it was ginger coloured exactly, nor just the colour o' old hay. Mebbe, somethin' atwixt an' between.

But it was curly all over his head in little kinkly curls. An' when you put your fingers in it (as you mostly did, as soon as you see it) the kinkly things seemed to curl round them, just same as if they was alive.

An' the blue eyes o' him looked into your very soul, so they did.

Well, there he sat, with his kitten under his arm. His little bare body restin' on the cool grass, one leg doubled under the other, an' a thumb in his mouth.

There he sat, lookin' at the risin' sun an' the breakin' o' the morn. An' what his thoughts was the good Father in heaven o'ny knows.

Now there was stayin' in Ballymiscan that August an artus (an Englisher) an' his wife. I don't think they'd been married long an' by the looks o' him it's my opinion he was doin' well, makin' at least a pound a week wi' his paintin', though, mebbe, her people helped him out a bit with the rent.

We used to see him, off an' on, about the neighbourhood, sometimes alone,

sometimes with the wife. Said he was paintin' the bog, though, so far as I could judge, the bog was none the better for all his paintin' of it. Bog's bog all the world over—poor stuff at the most, an' only good for turf cuttin'.

Once I come across him main early, long afore breakfast. Said he was out to catch his mornin' light! A daft kind o' thing to do, seems to me, for a man to tramp three miles from Ballymiscan for a mornin' light, seein' as matches is so cheap (four boxes a penny at Grogan's), an' one could a' been had for the askin' at the hotel.

But there! these artuses is queer cattle. Annyhow, it was this one an' his wife as found Tommy.

For to show how daft they both were, they'd started for their mornin' lights (though I must say I never seen the pipe in her lips), an' left Ballymiscan or ever the sun was risen!

Now the road's a level one from the town acrost the bog, but gives a bit of a turn just by Barney's cottage.

That is why they didn't see wee Tommy till they was a'most a-top o' him. An' he was so lost in his wonder at that rare thing in the sky that he didn't see them, or hear them.

So the artus an' his wife (but more her nor him) had full time to take in the white skin o' his darlin little body, nestlin' in the soft green grass, touched here an' there wi' the light from the risin' sun. They saw the curves about his legs, an' arms, an' neck; his won'erful hair; an' the kitten under his left arm.

For I will say this of the Clancys, fools though they may be (an' heaven made them, when all's said an' done), they breed some o' the finest ruck o' childer you ever see. Full weight, well fatted, an' healthy.

O' course the woman knew what had happened when she looked round an' see the open door. She took a step for'ard an' was goin' to speak to the wee bairn, but the artus put his hand on her arm an' stayed her. He took out a piece o' paper an' a pencil an' began to scrabble on the paper, quick like. But just then his pipe dropped from his mouth (he'd got his mornin' light as he come along, seemin'ly, an' Tommy turned.

Now, as I said afore, the Clancys are fools (heaven help them), but brave, so wee Tommy just looked up at the wife wi' them blue eyes o' his an' smiled.

He took his thumb out on his mouth an' "Pretty!" says he, turnin' to the risin' sun.

"What a perfect little angel!" says the wife, a silly thing to say, come to think o' it, seein' as how Tommy was a Clancy.

But down she dropped on her knees in the wet grass, runnin' her fingers among Tommy's curls. An' o' course the kinkly things curved round them, as they always did.

An' Tommy (being, as I said afore, a Clancy, though no angel) looked into her soul wi' them blue eyes o' his an' had no fear. Next moment she was setted by his side an' had him, kitten an' all, in her lap, an' began talkin' to him.

But at that moment such a row began, in the house at the back o' them, as never was!

"Tommy! Where's Tommy?" Barney's wife shrieked.

This woke Barney, stopped his snorin', an' tumbled him out o' bed.

"Tommy's gone! I can't find him annywheres!" the wife yelled.

Out they all rushed, Barney, an' the boys an' girls, the fowls an' the pig, even the setten' hen, as the cradle had been upset in the stramash, an' that setten' hen made more noise than all the rest o' the fam'ly put together—an' kep' it up for an hour after, too. The on'y one as didn't stir was Barney's wife's ould man, him bein' eighty-three an' stone deaf.

O' course the storm died down as soon as it begun, a'most ('cept for the setten' hen), for there was Tommy just outside on the edge o' the road, safe in the arms o' the artus's wife, no more feart than a robin.

Well, it was after that that the artus came up to the cottage for his mornin' light almost every day, for a month or more.

He painted the sun risin' over the

edge o' the bog, wi' bits o' light here an' there just glintin' on the surface o' the water in the bog-holes. He was a careless man though, for he left out Barney's manure heap, just across the road, an' his potato patch. An' he put in a bit o' bracken, brown an' golden, where no bracken never was, nor never had been. All the same it wasn't a bad picture.

There was lots o' clouds in it, too, some the colour o' wild roses, an' others the colour o' honeysuckle. An', at one cornder, low down, a wee cloud had settled to rest on the bog, as it might be a big pink butterfly. An' two sea-gulls was in it, one just lightin' on to a bit o' turf, an' the other wheelin' in the air, wi' glints o' red light in on under the white wings o' both the crayturs.

He had patches o' cotton grass, too, here an' there; an' stacks o' dryin' peats; whilst as for the bog myrtle, you could a'most a' smelled it.

But, as I said afore, bog's bog, an', by the same token, clouds is clouds. It vexed me to see a grown man spend his time on such trash, even if he was makin' a pound a week at it. An' that made us more sure than ever that his wife's people was helpin' them a bit.

But when he painted wee Tommy settin' among the grass (the same as he was that mornin' when his mother, for just two minutes, thought he'd wandered an' perhaps fallen in a bog-hole), why then it *was* a picture.

Tommy, wi' the red sunlight in his hair, an' a far away look in his blessed blue eyes, as if he was goin' to put on wings that instant, an' fly away wi' the sea-gulls; an' the painted lips o' him, wi' a wee wee smile just beginnin'; an' the fat folds in his legs, an' his arms, an' his neck.

Why, I daresay, that picture would sell for three pounds, or perhaps as much as five, in Dublin or Belfast, where there's plenty o' money, an' not much sense.

For mind I don't believe that story you just read out on the paper about someone paying £500 for it. No, no. I seen that artus, at work, an' should know him. What could an' artus do who would walk three miles for his mornin' light?

The artus called it "The Sun Washupper," an' a qeer outlandish name that is. But it's nothin' else than little Tommy Clancy, the wee darlin', a-settin' all his lonesome, watchin' the wakin' o' the cool dawn.

An' what I'm after tellin' you is every word o' it true, so it is.

Reports.

Unity Guild.—The opening meeting of the winter session took place in Rosemary Hall on October 21st. The President and Committee had issued invitations to all young people connected with our Churches in Belfast district, and if any did not receive invitations it was not for lack of effort to secure all possible names. The result was that there gathered in about 130 souls, all of whom received a very hearty welcome from the President, Mr. E. R. Jackson. At 8 o'clock a lecture on "Canterbury Cathedral" was given by Mr. A. M'I. Cleland. The lecture was listened to with considerable interest, and the pictures thrown on the screen were greatly admired. Tea was served at the close of the lecture, and was enjoyed by all. Our All Souls' friends are to be congratulated on the efficient and speedy way in which tea was served. Following tea, a guessing competition was entered on with the liveliest interest; pictures representing many well-known and much advertised articles were placed on the walls, and competitors had to assign the correct names to them. Half an-hour passed away all too quickly in this pleasant pastime, and when the result was disclosed it was announced that one lady had guessed every one correctly. This was Miss Ferguson, and as a reward for her cleverness she was presented with a prettily bound volume of poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which had been very kindly given by Miss A. Montgomery. The Committee had decided that this should bring proceedings to a close, but many of our friends seemed loath to break up such a pleasant

gathering, so dancing was indulged in till 10-30. This ended one of the most enjoyable evening meetings the Guild has had for many years. It was, of course, in the nature of an experiment, and that the experiment was quite successful is evidenced by the number of new members who were enrolled that night. The Committee has taken considerable trouble in drawing up the winter syllabus (a copy of which may be had on application from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Eustace Gordon, 35 Rosemary Street, Belfast) with a view to presenting as varied a programme as possible. A feature of the meetings this winter will be that a more social element is to be introduced; each evening is to be divided into two parts, the nature of the first part being indicated in the Guild Syllabus, while the second part is to be entirely social in character, the details being left to the Churches to arrange in turn. Our friends at All Souls' have given us an excellent lead, and it now only remains for the other Churches to see if they cannot find some ways of improving on it. It is hoped that all members, new and old, will do their best to attend all the meetings, as it is upon a good attendance of members and friends that the success of the evenings largely depends.

A paper will be read on 18th November in Mountpottinger Hall by Mr. G. J. Hill. Subject—"Ourselves."

* *

Antrim. — Very successful Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held in our old Presbyterian Church on Sunday, September 27th. The church was tastefully decorated by the young people of the congregation. Rev. S. E. Bowen, of Crumlin, preached to a full house an inspiring sermon. Miss M'Clean, from near Ballymena, sang admirably two solos, entitled "Abide with me," and "The Lord is my Shepherd." The collections for the day were over £8. We were glad to see Dr. John Campbell and Mrs. Campbell from Templepatrick, Mr. Hugh Erskine and Miss M'Master from Belfast, besides most of the leading townspeople of Antrim uniting with us on that day.

Antrim congregation has lost one of its staunchest supporters and most regular attenders through the translation of Mrs. Hay to higher service. God's finger touched her, and she slept on Sunday, October 4th.

* *

Ballycarry.—Harvest Festival Services were celebrated on Sunday last, 25th October. The preacher at the evening service was the Rev. Matthew Watkins, of Moneyrea, who delivered a very impressive sermon before a crowded congregation.

* * *

Ballyclare.—Our annual service for Harvest Thanksgiving was held on Sunday, 4th October, at 4 p.m. There was a full congregation. The musical portion of the service was a special feature, the solo, "The Lord is my light . . . whom shall I fear," sung by Mr. Hugh Hill, being exceedingly well rendered. A very practical sermon on the text, "This do and thou shalt live," was preached by the Rev. P. Godding. We are very actively engaged knitting for the soldiers and sailors at the front. Our minister is on the special Local Distress Committee, and we have been able to send £5 12s. 6d. to the National Relief Fund.

* *

Ballyhemlin.—Harvest Thanksgiving was held on Sunday afternoon, October 4th, when an able and eloquent sermon from the Rev. W. H. T. Tilson, M.A., of Greyabbey, was listened to with intense pleasure by an overflowing congregation. Suitable hymns were sung; a solo was rendered by Miss K. Anderson, and the War Hymn by Julia Ward Howe—"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Lord"—was sung as an anthem by the Choir. One special feature of the decorations this year was a couple of Union Jacks in front of the pulpit.

* *

Cairncastle.—A Harvest Service was held at the Old Meeting-house at four o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 4th October, the preacher being the Rev. Joseph Worthington, B.A., of Mountpottinger, Belfast. The church was decorated with corn, fruit, flowers,

and ivy, etc. There was a festoon of ivy leaves—dark green and yellow ones alternating—all round the interior walls. Piles of vegetables, together with sheaves of wheat and oats, were arranged in the vestibule. The organ was played by Mr. Holmes, Organist of the Larne congregation, the augmented choir including members of the same congregation and one member from the Cairncastle Episcopalian and one from the Cairncastle Presbyterian Church. The anthem, " Fear not, O land "—the words being taken from a passage in the book of Joel (ii 18-27)—was peculiarly appropriate to the good harvest of the United Kingdom gathered under the circumstances of the European war. There was a good congregation and a good collection

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Clough.—The Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held at the above church on Friday evening, October 2nd, and on Sunday, October 4th. Rev J. D. Davies preached on Friday evening. Rev. J. J. Magill, B.A., of Rademon, officiated on the following Sunday both morning and evening. The services were well attended, particularly the evening. The church was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the congregation. A large assortment of beautiful plants, flowers, fruit, and vegetables was kindly sent for the purpose by Messrs. George Allen, J.P., Mountpanther ; J. H. M'Cammon, Nutgrove, and others. The choral work, under the leadership of Miss Dornan, the organist, was particularly good. Appropriate solos were rendered by Misses Hogg and Magowan. A collection, in aid of the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund, was made on Sunday, September 6th, which amounted to £7 7s. 0d.

* *

Crumlin.—The Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held here on Sunday, 4th October. The preacher morning and evening was the minister, Rev. S. Evans Bowen. The collection towards the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund recently made amounted to £3. The ladies of the congregation, under the direction of Mrs. Bowen, are engaged in knitting and doing other work for the soldiers in the field, and for this purpose they meet at the manse once a month.

* *

Downpatrick.—In Downpatrick Harvest Thanksgiving Services took place on Sunday, the preacher being the Rev. J. Dare Davies, of Clough. The church was very tastefully decorated with flowers, fruit, and evergreens. There was a good attendance in the morning, and a still larger number in the evening, including many from other congregations. Miss Crickard kindly presided at the harmonium with her usual taste and skill, and several friends augmented the choir. The preacher took for his text in the morning, " Consider the lilies," and in the evening, " Ye shall know them by their fruits," from which he gave thoughtful and interesting discourses.

* *

Greyabbey. — The Annual Thanksgiving Services for the blessings of harvest were held in the First Presbyterian Church on Friday, 9th, and Sunday, 11th October. The church, which has just been renovated, was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruit, and vegetables by members of the choir and friends. At the Friday evening service the special preacher was the Rev. E. H. Pickering, B.A. (All Souls', Belfast), whose able and seasonable address was listened to with great attention by a large congregation. A feature of the praise service was a solo sung by Mrs. Ferguson, an old member of the choir, and who as Miss Mary Barnes was extremely popular with the music-loving public. At the usual Sunday morning service there was a special congregational collection for the Prince of Wales' Fund, which realised £16 13s. The harvest service was continued in the evening, when the building was completely filled. The anthem, " Praise ye the Lord," was rendered by the choir in a manner reflecting great credit on the honorary organist, Miss Barnes. The preacher at the Sunday services was the minister of the congregation, Rev. W. H. T. Tilson, M.A. The collections at all three services amounted to £23, and will be forwarded to the War Relief Fund.

There was recently laid to rest in the old and picturesque graveyard of Grey-abbey the remains of one of its most widely known and respected inhabitants, the late Mr. John Mawhinney. The deceased had been for nearly 40 years rural postman, and during that time had made very numerous friends. In his early life he had followed the now almost forgotten occupation of hand-loom weaver, and was one of the most athletic young men of that day. A man of few words, and of sterling honesty, a favourite with all, as the large attendance at his funeral testified, Mr. Mawhinney was a member and constant attendant of the First Presbyterian Church. The service in the house was conducted by Rev. W. H. Tilson, and at the grave by Revs. J. Barron and W. H. Tilson.

* *

Killinchy.—Harvest Services were held under ideal conditions on Sunday, September 27th, and Monday evening, the 28th. The weather was all that could be desired, and flowers, though reported to be scarce, were in evidence in rich abundance. It was a disappointment that the local minister, through illness, was unable to fulfil his part of conducting the morning service. The Rev. A. O. Ashworth, at short notice, kindly consented to act, and the service was much appreciated. The Rev. M. Watkins was the evening preacher. The audience was a large and an appreciative one, many being loud in their approval of Mr. Watkins' services. The series was brought to a close on Monday evening, when Rev. J. J. Magill, an old friend and favourite here, took the service. The audience was well up to the average and very attentive. The decorations were on the usual large and extensive scale, much loving attention being given to the work by a body of the ladies of the congregation; they worked well, and had the satisfaction of seeing the success of their efforts. Special hymns and an anthem were sung by the choir, Mrs. Williams presiding at the organ. The collections were good, but not quite up to the usual standard. Many calls have lately been made on the folks' pockets.

Moira.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held here on Sunday, the 25th inst., both morning and evening, being conducted by Rev. William Weatherall. The church was beautifully decorated with seasonable gifts of fruit, flowers, &c., by Miss Weatherall, Mrs. W. J. Agnew, the Misses Patterson, and Miss M'Caw. Mr. Ernest Worth presided at the organ. The Choir rendered special music, and two solos were sung by Mrs. Rawcliffe, of Belfast. The services were well attended, that of the evening being crowded.

* *

Moneyrea.—On Sunday and Monday evening, October 4th and 5th, the Annual Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held, and they proved eminently successful. The meeting-house was beautifully adorned for the occasion with gifts of flowers, fruits, and products of the field. There were large congregations at all the services, especially on the Sunday evening, when the Rev. J. A. Kelly, of Dunmurry, conducted the service. The preacher on Monday evening was the Rev. J. J. Magill, B.A., of Rademon. It is gratifying to record that the collections realized the sum of £12 4s. 0d. On Sunday morning, October 11th, a very pleasing event took place at the close of school. The minister, on behalf of the scholars, the Sunday School Committee, and friends interested in the Sunday School, presented to Mr. James Spence, on the occasion of his recent marriage, a handsome marble clock, suitably inscribed. Mr. Spence had for some years been a teacher in the Sunday School, and also filled the post of Secretary.

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Newtownards.—At the service held here on 23rd August, the collection taken up was for the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund, and amounted to the sum of £3 7s. 8d.

* *

Templepatrick.—Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held on Sunday evening, 4th October. There was the usual large congregation. The church was decorated for the occasion. A feature of the service was the excellent congregational singing; and two solos, "The Lord is my Light," and "Glory

to Thee, my God, this night," by Mr. J. F. Newel, of Belfast, whose rendering of the same was highly appreciated. Miss Getty presided at the organ, and Rev A Turner conducted the service and preached There was an excellent collection for Church funds

MARRIAGES.

JOHNSTON—GILMORE.—On August 29th, 1914, by the Rev. John Barron, at Ballyhemlin, Co. Down, Thomas Johnston of Balligan, to Alice Gilmore of Roddens.

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